

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

When Khaki Calls.

BY M. E. STANTON.
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It was evening and the big office buildings were discharging their quota of humanity who, though still in workaday garb, stepped forth briskly into the crisp autumn air, conscious that the chains of toll were loosened for a few brief hours and that they were free to play, relax and to take their little parts in the comedies and tragedies of social life.

Ann Donovan was one of a group of animated, chattering girls that emerged from one of these immense beehives of industry. They lingered for a moment on the sidewalk, laughing and talking, then scattered on their various homeward ways.

Ann started off, but had only gone a few feet when a quick step sounded behind her and a pleasant masculine voice said:

"Hello, Ann! What's your hurry?"

"It was annoying. Why would Tommy insist on waiting for her every evening? Of course, he was pleasant company, and all that, but—well, a girl likes to dream some times, and that walk home in the evening, along the quiet shaded streets, was the only bit of time out of the whole busy day she might have for herself."

"Good evening, Mister Regan," Ann managed to respond, taking a certain satisfaction in using her most formal prunes-and-prisms tone, usually reserved for impertinent salesmen or persistent book agents who invaded the office.

"Why so distant, Achuska? Doesn't Tommy sound good to you any more? That Mister stuff doesn't listen natural comin' from you to me." And the cheerful Tommy softly hummed:

"Pay up your troubles in your old 'Pau'."

"And smile, smile, smile!"

"There's my sentiments every time. Fellow that wrote that song must have been a real fellow. One who knows that a smile makes the digging easier, whether you're digging with a shovel, or a word."

Tommy's voice faltered a little on the last word, and he gazed at a trifle anxiously and uncertainly at his silent companion.

"Er—Ann, there's something I've been wanting to tell you, and I don't see why I mightn't as well tell you now."

Ann was panic stricken. Why could not Tommy be satisfied with things as they were and not begin brooding on dangerous ground. Besides—this was the real reason—

A certain resentment had been lurking in the background of Ann's mind for some time with reference to this same Tommy Regan. How could he sit tamely behind them, marching away to "Carry the starchy banner overseas?"

Tommy was a strong, steady, self-reliant youth, aggressive and intelligent, he had in him the making of a splendid American soldier.

But he had not enlisted when the nation-wide call for volunteers went forth, nor had the long arm of state coercion as yet reached out for him. He and Ann had never directly discussed the subject. It was constantly in Ann's thoughts, but a certain hesitancy had prevented her from introducing the topic, and though she had skated dangerously close at times to all of Tommy's unflinching cheerfulness and apparent willingness to chat on anything and everything under the sun, somehow he never given her a clue as to his real reason for put-

SHORT AND SWEET IS NEW SPRING SUIT



NEW YORK.—Short at the waistline and short in the skirt is the style-note of the spring suit which will appear in the Easter parade. Most of the new suit suits show a jacket well fitted to an inch above the waistline, where it suddenly decides to stop, changes its material and proceeds in a pleated peplum effect to a point slightly below the hips and a trifle longer at the front than at the back. The coats often have the popular double-breasted waist coat effect with conspicuous smoked pearl buttons to set it off. This particular suit is of dark blue serge, embroidered quite elaborately at collar and cuff with silver thread.

ting himself in the slacker class. Ann herself was an ardent patriot. Fifteen dollars a week is not a munificent sum, but when a girl lives at home the stretching qualities of even a meagre fifteen dollars are remarkable.

So by dint of wearing her seasonal suit, by studiously keeping her head turned the other way when passing an icecream parlor, by sundry small economies and self-denials constantly practiced the world over by thousands of working girls, she was able to buy a Liberty Bond.

Join the Red Cross, and to contribute her mite to various special funds for the benefit of "Our Boys." She was even now leaning to knit in the "From Peppercorns to Knitting Needles" class recently launched at the office.

So when Tommy announced in that complacent tone that he had something to tell her, she mentally brought her patron saint to ward off the imminent peril of destroying their friendship. For after all, thought Ann, they had grown up together as neighbors, and

there had always been a friendly feeling between the two families, though of late years the social intercourse had been confined chiefly to the young people save for an occasional "cross-the-fence" chat between Mrs. Regan and Ann's mother.

They were on a quiet side street now and her prayer seemed hopeless when, just as Tommy started to resume his confidence, the heaven-sent interruption occurred. The interruption was just a pair of lovers strolling along arm in arm—a scene old to the ages, yet ever interestingly new to observers as well as to observers.

The youth was clad in khaki and he carried himself with a jaunty, conscious air of pride that found eager reflection in the admiring maid at his side.

Ann and Tommy turned to look after them. Who can resist a backward glance at a pair of lovers?

"O," sighed Ann, "doesn't he look splendid?"

And then valor tweaked discretion's ears and rushed into the fray.

"How can you stay at home and let folks call you a slacker, when all these brave fellows are giving up their homes, their work-places, even their lives, to make our homes, our work and our lives safe? You've told me before that you loved me, but I don't want to hear you say it again, for I'll never marry a slacker. Never! Oh, how I wish I had been a man!"

And to Tommy's consternation Ann started to cry. He waited until her sobs had ceased then said:

"But look here, Ann, I want to tell you—"

"Oh, what's the use of arguing about it now?" queried Ann wearily. "There's only one way for a man—a strong, healthy young fellow like you—to prove his patriotism. If you won't do it, your friends can't force you to."

This was the proper cue for a dignified exit, and as at this precise moment she reached the front gate of Ann's home she murmured a brief "Good-night" and left him abruptly.

Tommy's voice, still maddeningly cheerful, called after her: "If you happen to feel like the movies tonight, was just sending forth its savory invitation."

"Why, dearies, you came in like a cyclone. No villain pursuing you, is there?" And Mrs. Donovan laughed expectantly, for she and this only daughter of hers were great chums, and shared a sense of rich Irish humor.

"Nothing, mother. I'm just a little tired and hungry, I guess, and supper smells so good. I'm ready, if it is."

"All right, but Ann, did you hear about Tommy Regan? His mother was over this afternoon and cried, but she's proud of him, and she says he's so anxious to go."

"What, mother? Tommy hasn't?"

"Enlisted! Yes, he has," exclaimed Mrs. Donovan, dabbing at a tear with the corner of her apron. "That's just what Tommy has gone and done."

She told me all about how he'd felt ever since this war started; how it hurt him to see the other fellows marching off when he had to stay at home."

"Well, why did he have to stay at home?" interrupted Ann. "Of course, I know he would leave his mother alone, but Mr. Regan must have left quite a lot of money when he died."

"But he didn't," exclaimed her mother. "Everyone thought so, but it was only possible contribution to the war. Kenneth MacDonald, a twelve year old boy of Keyser, sent a telescope, Congressman Edward Cooper handed in a fine field glass that had seen a old-encircling cruise. Mrs. Julia S. Carl, of Parkersburg, sent binoculars that had done her good service on a European trip."

The Navy is still making its appeal. It wants all the glasses it can get in return, it gives the donor a receipt and a government warrant for \$1. If the glasses are lost in the war, that absolves Uncle Sam from any further liability."

Mrs. Donovan panted for breath. "Go on, mother," prompted Ann. "Well, what do you think? Some of that mining stock has turned out to be valuable after all. There wasn't any gold in the mines, but they have found something else—tungsten. It's called—that is worth nearly all their debts and Tommy will know that his mother is well taken care of, even if he's away off in France. She said after he made sure he didn't waste a minute getting down to the recruiting headquarters."

Ann started for the telephone. "Where are you going?" asked her mother, with kindly inquisitiveness of those near and dear.

Ann looked around the cozy living room with a speculative eye. "Tommy wanted me to call him up. But I wonder if we wouldn't rather stay home than go downtown tonight. I'm kind of tired of the movies myself."

TAKEN TO BROWNSVILLE.
The body of Andrew Clinger whose death occurred on Friday at Cook hospital was taken to Brownsville, Pa., yesterday for interment. Mr. Clinger resided at Carolina and was in the employment of the Consolidation Coal Company.

WASHINGTON NEWS GOSSIP

By CHARLES BROOKS SMITH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 14.—Commissioners as postmasters of the fourth class have been issued to Patrick H. Butler, of Swandale, W. Va.; Bernie G. Brill, of Capon Springs, and Jay C. Gerwig, of Chapell.

An application for a pension increase was filed at the Pension Bureau today by Senator Sutherland for Daniel M. Yeager, of Mable, and an application for a commission in the signal corps for George H. Zinn, of Lumberport.

Notice has been received by Congressman Stuart F. Reed of the granting of a pension to Mrs. Mary A. Wright, of Shinnston, at the rate of \$12 a month from Dec. 1916, and \$25 a month from Oct. 1917.

Congressman Harry C. Woodward was at the Post Office Department yesterday to have a daily mail service ordered between Looeview and Weirford. Instead of a three-times-a-week service as at present.

An application for an increase in pension under the "age law" was filed today by Congressman Woodward for James S. Hall, of St. Marys.

Howard Fleming, of Fairmont; S. P. Puffer, of Charleston; Charles H. West, of Ravenswood; and Manning Stiles, of Morgantown, are late visitors from West Virginia.

A bill to grant an increase of pension to Jarrett E. Burgess, and another bill for the relief of George Miller have been introduced in the House by Congressman Littlepage.

The Senate has passed a bill, introduced by Senator Sutherland, granting permission to the P. M. C. Coal Company, its successors and assigns, to construct and maintain a bridge across the Tur River connecting Mingo county, W. Va., and Pike county, Ky., near the western portal of the Hatfield tunnel on the Norfolk & Western railroad.

The nominations of S. W. Walker and L. H. Kelly as district attorneys in West Virginia, which were sent to the Senate by the President on the 7th inst., have been confirmed by that body.

H. R. 8427 is the calendar number of a bill introduced by Congressman Neely, proposing to amend the act, approved September 8, 1916, and October 3, 1917, to raise revenue, etc., by providing that pension money shall be exempt from taxation. It was referred to the committee on ways and means.

In answer to the Navy Department's appeal to the people of the country to loan the government binoculars, telescopes, etc., gifts of this kind are coming daily from all sections. West Virginians in goodly number are among the donors.

A woman who signed herself "a poor little old maid teacher" of Albright, W. Va., made a pair of glasses for her only possible contribution to the war. Kenneth MacDonald, a twelve year old boy of Keyser, sent a telescope. Congressman Edward Cooper handed in a fine field glass that had seen a old-encircling cruise. Mrs. Julia S. Carl, of Parkersburg, sent binoculars that had done her good service on a European trip.

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And Ann could hear him tramping up his own front steps whistling: "Keep the home fires burning."

"Yes, you'll keep them burning all right," she spitefully apostrophized him as he entered the house and slammed the door with a vigorous bang that brought her mother hurrying from the dining room, where supper was being served.

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Osgood's for Quality

ANNOUNCE THE DATE
OF THEIR
Important Semi-Annual Event

Their Clear All Sale Thursday, January 17

At this time we reduce in price each and every garment and article in our store at extremely low prices in order that they move out quickly—further announcement in tomorrow's papers.

mission after being up before an efficiency board several days ago.

Former Senator Davis Elkins who is a major is majoring at Governor's Island. He was a captain in that little excursion again Spain.

Capt. Melvin G. Sperry, of Clarksburg, went to hear Billy Sunday. If Billy hears the Captain's criticism of him he's not likely to be tickled plum to death. The Captain says Billy is a national blackguard.

How would Barney Barutch suit you for the first Secretary of Munitions? That's the dope if Congress passes the bill creating the new Cabinet place. Still, there are some who insist it will be McAdoo.

When the Skin Seems Ablaze With Itching and Burning

There's just one thing to do. If your skin seems ablaze with the fiery burning and itching of Eczema, real and lasting relief can only come from treatment that goes below the surface—that reaches down to the very source of the trouble. So-called skin-diseases come from a disordered condition of the blood, and the proper treatment is through the blood. Search far and near, and you can not find a blood remedy—that approaches S. S. S. for real efficiency. It has been on the market for fifty years, during which time it has been giving uniform satisfaction for all manner of blood disorders. If you want prompt and lasting relief, you can rely upon S. S. S. For expert advice as to the treatment of your own individual case, write to-day to Chief Medical Adviser, Swift Specific Co., Dept. C Atlanta, Ga.

Have You Started in Our Christmas Money Club?

Have a Part of

Your Next Pay

FOR NEXT CHRISTMAS

Join our Club Today

You Can Start With a Penny

The National Bank of Fairmont

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(WE'LL LEAVE IT TO THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.)—BY ALLMAN.

